

1839

Near the Lake Where Drooped the Willow

Charles E. Horn

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

Second Edition
Near the Lake where drooped the Willow.

A Southern Refrain

SUNG WITH DISTINGUISHED APPLAUSE
BY
MRS. C. E. HORN.

THE POETRY BY
Geo. P. Morris Esq.

DEDICATED TO
N. P. Willis Esq.

The Symphonies Composed Adapted & Arranged
by
CHARLES E. HORN.

NB this Air forms N^o 1 of a Series of National Melodies.

Pr. 50 Cts.

NEW YORK Published by HEWITT & JACQUES 239 Broadway

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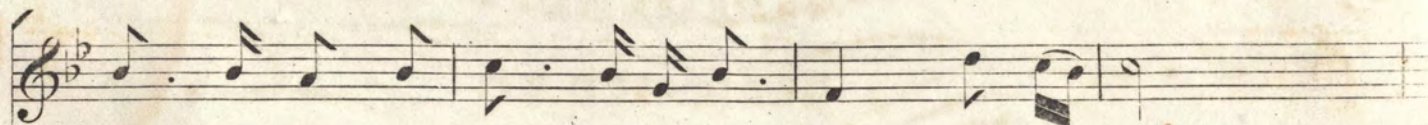
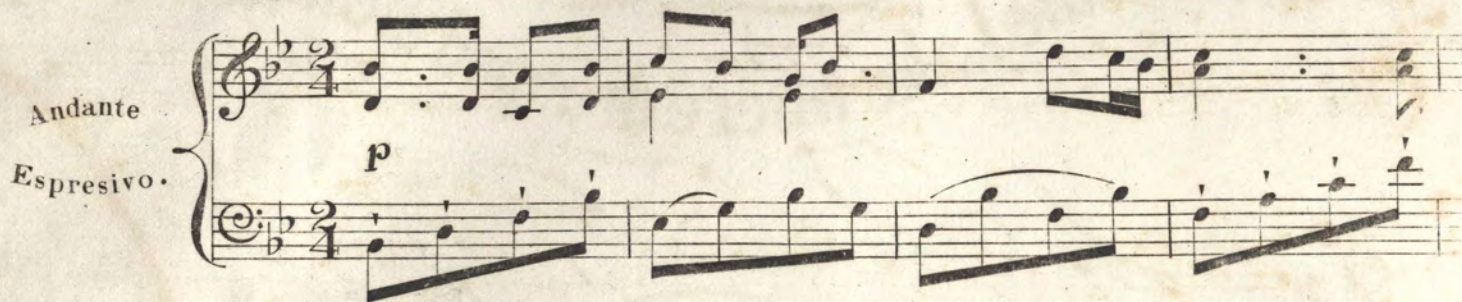


NEAR THE LAKE WHERE DROOP'D THE WILLOW.

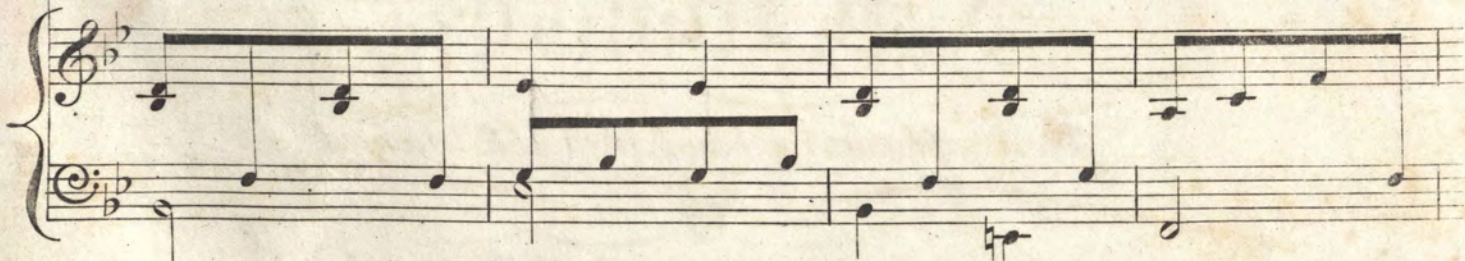
Sung by Mrs C. E. Horn.

Arranged by Charles E. Horn.

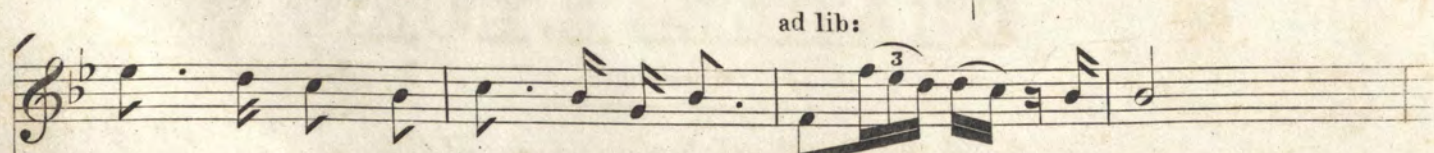
Andante
Espressivo.



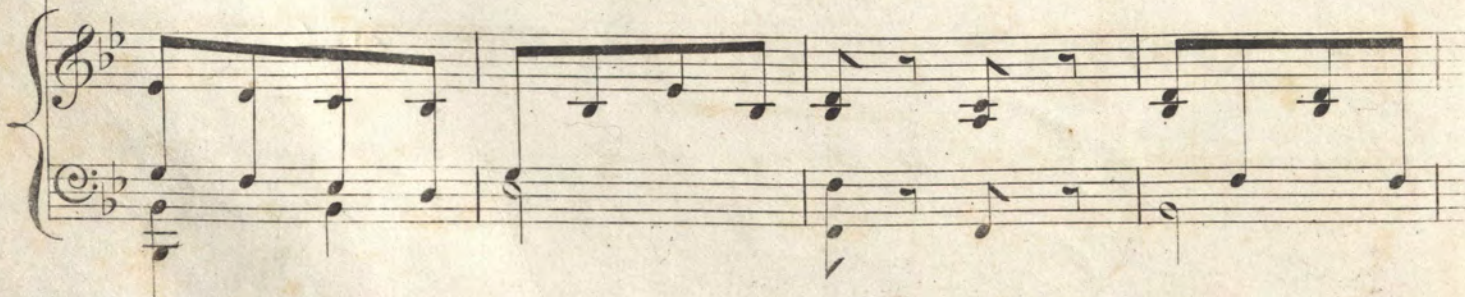
Near the lake where droop'd the willow, Long time a____go!



ad lib:



Where the rock threw back the billow, Bright_____er than snow;



Dwelt a maid, be-lov'd and cherish'd, By high and low;

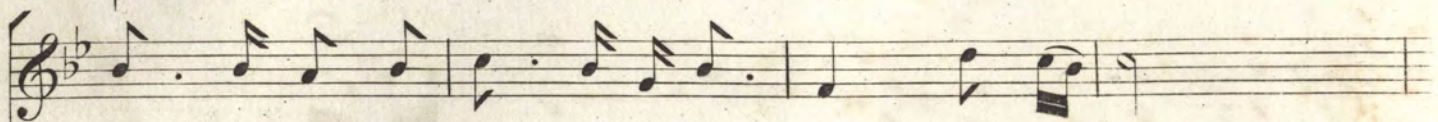
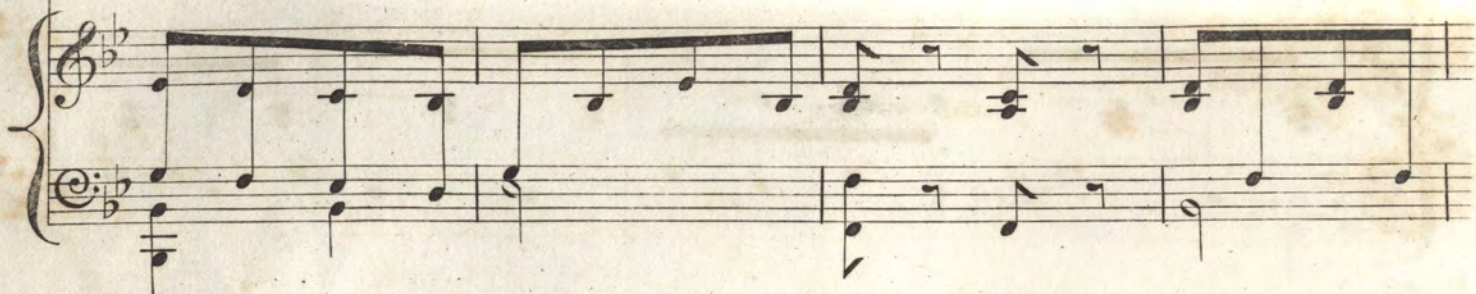
But, with au-tumn's leaf, she perish'd, Long time a-go!

Rock, and tree, and flow-ing water, Long time a-go!

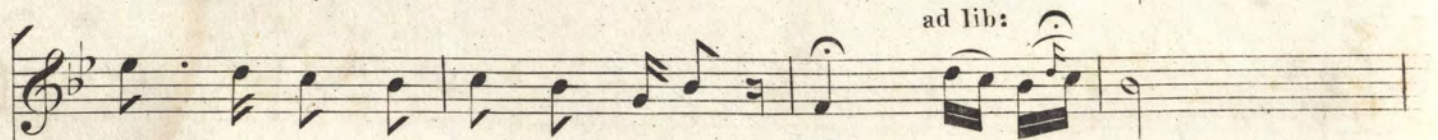
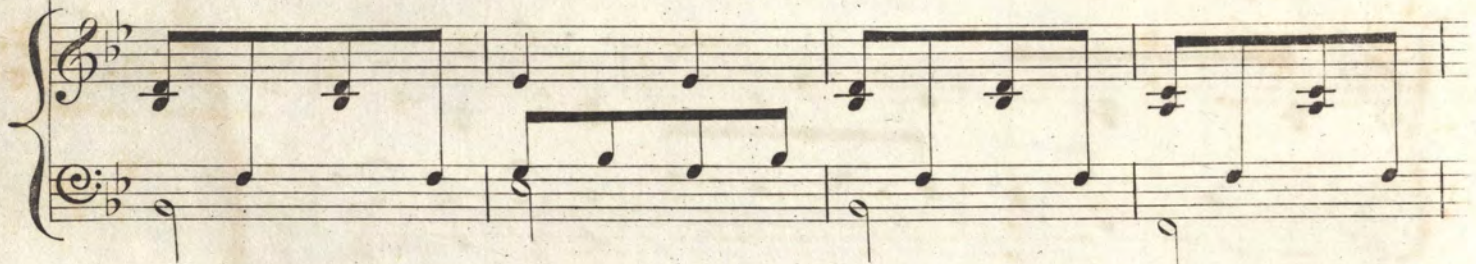
Rock, and tree, and flow-ing water, Long time a-go!



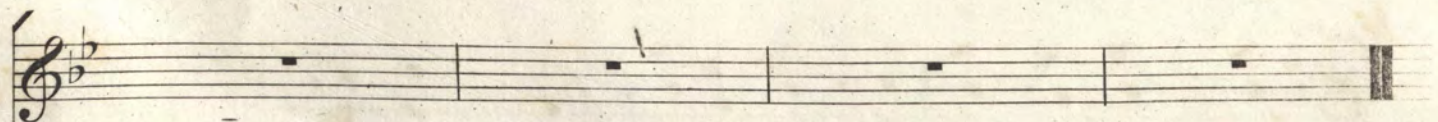
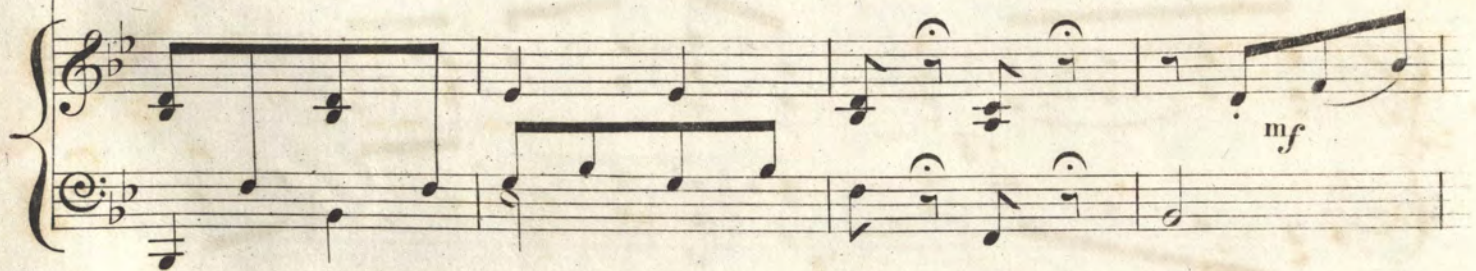
Bird, and bee, and blos_som_taught her, Love's spell to know!



While to my fond words she listen'd, Mur_mur_ing low, —



Ten_der_ly her dove eyes glisten'd, Long time a_go!



Mingled were our hearts forever! Long time a---go! Can I now for--

ad lib: ³

get her? never! No, lost one, no! To her grave these tears are given,

ad lib:

E-----ver to flow! She's the star I miss'd from heaven, Long time a---

go!

mf

G.W. Quidor Eng^r.

